THE
AERONAUT.

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Musicorum aures vel minima sentiunt.

Cic. de off.

"Gentlemen,

"Allow me to make my complaints to you about a grievance which torments me continually, which keeps my nerves in a perpetual state of agitation and alarm, and robs me of my natural rest.

"Know then, sir, that I am an amateur of music; that I am one of those persons who can detect the least error in harmony, and whom a false chord drives almost to frenzy. I have studied the mysteries of this master science, and am perfectly acquainted with all its intricate varieties. I am therefore calculated to enjoy in a high degree the charms of ~~good~~ music, and can listen for hours together to the harmonious modulations of her lyre.

"If I can relish good music in this manner, you may judge how jarring to my feelings must be the contrary. The ear that can linger on the music of the spheres, cannot brook to hear the notes of lesp perfect minstrels. But as I cannot always expect to ~~hear~~ find perfection in my art, I content myself with secondary enjoyment, & endeavor to ~~not mar~~ be pleased with what I meet. But alas! this even

is too often denied me, and I am doomed to be tortured by strains which, were this an age of superstition, I should be afraid would rouse the indignation even of the dead. I should tremble lest the ghosts of those "mighty masters of the lyre," who have gone before us, should rise from their sheeted darkness, & frown the aggressors in silence.

"To return from my rhapsody. As I live above a mile from the City Hall, I have the misery of walking from very near the lower end of the town through Broadway to my home. I am aware that to some this walk is replete with charms; but for my own part, it often very nearly costs me the dispersion of my intellect.

"Throughout the day, I am without much trouble. But no sooner has the sun set, and my

hour of returning arrives, that my misery commences. From almost every private house, now that the heat of the weather requires the windows to be open, my ears are saluted with the jingling jargon of a bad piano, and a worse voice; either of some child, whose tones are yet unformed, or of some cracked voice which has sung for the last fifty years, and is getting no better for practice. I hear songs, on which require pathos & expression, rendered absolutely ridiculous; slow & solemn music, converted into a jig; and besides all this, there are positively no two notes that preserve a due harmony of expression.

"As I proceed along my walk, not to mention the lovely ditties chaunted by drunken sailors, and Gallic strangers, and hackney-coachmen, and the other public nuisancer of the

streets, I at length arrive in the region of shows. Here arise sounds that would terrify even the inventor of hand-organs himself, could he arise and hear them. The lions, the museum, the wax-work, and the whale, besides sundry other affairs of no less importance are graced with this indispensible accompaniment to a shew. It may attract spectators; but to tell the truth, I have been effectually debarred from taking a look at the interior of these places by mere dread & terror of having my auricular organs materially injured. Music, gentlemen, is here ground in the most complete style you can possibly conceive; but the process grinds in such a manner the ears of him who listens, that it is wonderful so many escape alive.

"Impartiality shall always distinguish my character. I ever make it my aim to award merit its due, and to give the just rank to every individual that he deserves. I therefore proceed to the next charm of my evening walk. After leaving the zone of hand-organs & broken fiddles, I come to a wild & desolate place, where few houses are built, and where one would suppose silence itself should reign. But alas! a concert of another kind here strikes up. Upon one side a chorus of treble voices yell in dis-
=cordant tones their awful wailings; while "responsive on the other side", as Walter Scott says on a more august occasion, the deep bass of the opposite shores rejoin their hollow complaints, mingled with the barking of dogs, to add effect to the music. The Grimalkin race

assembled I fear by some malicious elf on purpose to torment me, never fail in this unwelcome chorus. This noise, by different choirs, is continued nearly all the rest of my way, unless interrupted by the now less frequent harmony from parlor windows, or by the sonorous voices that proceed from Vauxhall garden.

"But little comfort awaits me at home. During the rest of the night I am regaled with that species of music, peculiarly termed American. As I live not far from a large pond, the sage and musical inhabitants thereof, vie with each other in giving to the breezes of midnight their unrivalled strains; — But I confess, I am often forced to wish for the stork in the fable to quiet these melodious gentles.

"Such is the history of one night; and such is the round of amusement

which I regularly experience. I have sometimes endeavored to go home through bye-streets; but I am still tortured with jingling instruments, and often with the addition of an octave flute played upon by a beginner. If these noises, gentlemen, are continued, I fear I shall have to leave the city, and retire into the county, where I shall be at least unmolested by the variety of ~~[illegible]~~ sounds with which the town abounds, & which seem to be daily increasing. Do take pity, gentlemen, on my case, and endeavor to alleviate it.

"In the mean time,

"I remain

"Your's respectfully

"PLEYEL MINIM."

To the Aeronauts.

Gentlemen

I am what Shakspere would perhaps have called, a man "fitted for treasons stratagems and crimes". I would not-

have you however to understand, that I feel no delight in listening to the 'moving chord of sweet sounds'; but, I am a solitary old bachelor, devoted to study and contemplation, and fonder of hearing poets talk of the music of the spheres, and dreaming that I hear their mystic voice as I gaze on the starry cope, than of being constantly pestered with the inflations of discordant harp or the shrill screaming: ings of catgut.

Gentlemen, there is a young lady who lives next by me, who washes and scrubs all day on the floor, and all night on the keys of a piano - who sings during the reign of day light to the music of a mop, a scrubbing brush and a broom: stick, and when the candles are lit, accompanies with a voice rendered shrill by her domestic excitations, and hoarse, by her previous melody, the undefinable

jargon of the aforesaid forte piano. To give it the name of piano, is indeed a practical bull:

As I was returning one day in the steam boat from Brooklyn, during the period when public spirit displayed itself in the assistance given by the citizens in erecting the fortifications on the heights, a martial band were hymning Yankee Doodle. I beheld a sawyer thrusting the boat and elbowing the crowd with one arm, while, with the other, he smote his breast, and exclaimed — "Music hath charms to soothe a savage soul!" O! Gentlemen! what must I be!

I understand, that it is the legal privilege of every man, to take sometimes the law in his own hands. Were it not for my tender respect for the female sex, I would forthwith proceed to abate the nuisance, of which I am discoursing,

and incapacitate the delectable piece of furniture which utters such a travestie as the voices of pigs, ravens and wild the apes, from doing any more duty.

When I go to bed, and the young woman over the way goes to bed, my troubles only commence. For, this same Dulcinea hath a ~~Quixote~~ musical Quixote in the same street, who pays her his nightly devoirs, through the medium of wind ground and tortured in a clarionet. As soon as he begins, the dogs leave off baying the moon and unite in a sonorous and continuous howl. He stops, to give them a fair chance of taking their turn, and they stop, not being acquainted sufficiently with the tune. The cats however will not lose their share of the fun and take up the tale of love. This triple alternation lasts till the cock crows. Where are the watchmen?

Between restless nights and days of stu-
=dy, I have become from being a hale
hearty, wholesome looking man, a
mere facsimile of Burgess bulls all
through the influence of such music
as does indeed rival that of Orpheus
and Amphion, though it operates in a
contrary way. It would indeed make a
wild bear shed tears; and it is leading
me down, in a minuet to the banks
of the Styx; where I hope at least
the shades will be kept in decent
order, and none suffered to crop the streams
with any wind or other instrument.

SURD MISOMUSIKON.

E. S.